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H E L O I S E:

OR, THE

SIEGE OF RHODES.

A

LEGENDARY TALE.

VOL. II.



H E L O I S E: OR, THE SIEGE OF RHODES.

A

LEGENDARY TALE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF
MARIA: OR, THE GENEROUS RUSTIC.

SECOND EDITION.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

H A R R I E T:
OR, THE VICAR'S TALE.

Fierce Wars, and faithful Loves, shall moralize my Song.

Spencer's *Præme to the Fairy Queen.*

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

L O N D O N:

For J. FORBES, C. ELLIOT and T. KAY, P. M'QUEEN,
T. and J. EGERTON, SHEPPERDSON and
REYNOLD, C. STALKER; C. RANN,
Oxford; TODD, York; and
C. ELLIOT, Edinburgh.

M.DCC.LXXXVIII.

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H E L O I S E.

C H A P. XII.

HELOISE, after her removal to the seraglio of the Bashaw, who had received her from the hand of MAHOMET, found the wretchedness of her situation more intolerable than ever : she well knew that, when once the massive portals of that dire retreat are closed, it is *almost* certain that death alone can set the captive free.

A

A con-

A considerable time was suffered to elapse, and yet she had not any notification of the Bashaw's intention to visit her. He acted thus deliberately, from a flattering hope that time would prepare the way for his assiduities, and render the object of them less overwhelmed with melancholy.

In this expectation he was mistaken; for time (*unaided by succession of ideas*) served, if possible, to fix a melancholy hue more deeply on her mind : ignorant of the language of the country, she was deprived of the only comfort her prison afforded,—being of course incapable of mixing even in the conversation

versation of the Haram—and her woe-worn mind, being totally unrelieved by any thing that could divert, employ, or amuse, naturally fell a victim to absolute despair.

The loss of reason soon followed,—of which event the Bashaw being informed, he resolved immediately to visit his captive : on his entrance he found the lovely mourner talking incoherently to herself. Her expression of countenance had undergone a considerable alteration ; her features had assumed that interesting cast, to which those who visit the residence of desponding woe are no strangers. She

appeared ready to weep, but alas ! her wretchedness was one, to which, the *relief* of tears is denied.—She sighed, then turned her eyes to Heaven, as if to seek her lover there.—Despair, (perhaps *hope*) called them back to earth.—She saw the Bashaw, and with eagerness she seized his hand ; and then exclaimed, “ Were you at Rhodes ? I *know* you were : your hands are bloody ; tell me did he fall ? Oh that *this breast* had been his shield !”

The Bashaw had been long a prisoner at Rhodes ; where he became sufficiently acquainted with French
fully

fully to understand the conversation of HELOISE ; his ignorance of her story inclined him to suppose, that her affections might have been engaged by PALEOLOGUE ; after listening, therefore, for some time (in silent wonder) to the effusions of her disordered mind, he, at length approached her ; but with that reverence always paid, among the Turks, to persons bereft of reason ; and, on that account, *supposed* to be under the immediate guidance of divine inspiration.

HELOISE once more broke forth ; and (approaching the Bafhaw) she cried, “ Take care !—*You are at the*

top—

top—you can go no higher—you will soon fall headlong—Beware!—the rock begins to nod—Hark, how the billows hoarsely roar! and lash, with angry wave, the rock whereon we stand!—Have mercy!—is this the rock of Rhodes?—Ah no!—That was bloody—Ah me!—say, wilt thou bravely die, or basely live, a grovelling slave? Oh! my head and heart, are ill!—Where is pity?"

The Bashaw convinced, that these were the effusions of *inspiration*, failed not to interpret them, as predictions of his *own* approaching downfall.

Super-

Superstition, when it assails a mind merely *untutored* and *uncultivated*, has a tolerable certainty of success; but if it be *internally* aided, as it was in this instance, by the accusations of a guilty conscience, philosophy itself is insufficient to restrain its power, or to resist its attacks.

The Bashaw was conscious of the unfairness of those steps, whereby he had ascended to his present elevated state; and the recollection of his numerous host of crimes, served to dismay him effectually. At this moment, HELOISE burst forth—“ *Away—be gone—I must to France—he’s*

there ; then, turning herself towards the door, the Bafshaw ventured to divert her course, and to oppose her flight ; but she spurned him from her with disdain, exclaiming, “ *There bleeds his headless trunk—avenge him righteous Heaven !* ”

The guilty Bafshaw, appalled with horror, now gave himself up for lost ; fully determined however to avert, if possible, the divine *vengeance*, by acquiescence in (what he considered as) the divine *direction*, he hastened to the port, where he agreed with the master of a vessel (then about to sail for France

France with a number of ransomed captives) for the passage of HELOISE.

This done, he flew back to the apartment of his fair prisoner, and besought her to accept the opportunity he had procured her of returning to her own country.—This proposal she heard unmoved, on which he took hold of her hand to conduct her.—HELOISE turned from him with abhorrence, and bursting into tears, pushed him from her, saying, “ *Beware! you murdered him.*”

This awful admonition augmented the horrors of the Bashaw (who shortly after

after the *banishment*) had procured the *assassination* of PALEOLOGUE; apprehensive left, the breast of MAHOMET relenting, his rival might be recalled. Under the most dreadful apprehensions for his own safety, the guilty Bafshaw hurried his beautiful monitor on board the ship, (which lay waiting her arrival) depositing at the same time in the Captain's hand, a casket of jewels, said by him, to be the property of the fair passenger, but *untruly*, for they were *his own*, and were meant as an expiatory offering to Heaven.

The Bafshaw returning in haste to his own house, now secured the moveable

able part of his treasure; and made a precipitate retreat to the borders of Egypt; leaving, to the disposal of his sovereign, the remainder of his newly and ill acquired possessions. To *him* he addressed a letter, stating the motives of his flight, confessing his guilt as the murderer of PALEOLOGUE, and presenting to the world, one of the strongest proofs it ever beheld, of the intolerable anguish of an accusing conscience.

C H A P. XIII.

HELOISE unconscious of any change in her condition, still continued her sighs and her exclamations, to the no small astonishment of the Captain—who (not having received any intimation of the nature of her case) found himself utterly at a loss how to conduct himself towards her.

The

The priest who had been sent from France to procure the ransom of those captives who were now returning home, by means of a most humane and unremitting attention to proper regimen, gradually, restored the fair mourner to the use of her reason—She was then made acquainted with the various particulars of her own eventful tale, in proportion as she seemed able to bear the recital.

An escape, so signally providential, could not fail to raise in the mind of HELOISE, sensations of the most lively gratitude to Heaven—from whose gracious interposition she now hoped for a happy

a happy restoration to her native shores and perhaps also to her MONTMORIN. At length those shores appearing in sight, hope and fear, alternately, predominated in her anxious breast.

She hastened to disembark, and then eagerly enquired whether any of the neighbouring nobles had *served at the Siege of Rhodes?* Her question was answered in the affirmative; and the Baron DUPONTS was named as the Crusador whose residence lay nearest to that town.

Thither the anxious HELOISE instantly dispatched her faithful priest, to

to learn tidings, of the fate of MONTMORIN. Her feelings—(whilst Father NICOLAS fulfilled his ambassage) could be but poorly expressed by words—At one time, the objects presented to her imagination, were delightful and flattering—but in a moment the survey was shifted, and despair pointed to the breathless hero, bleeding on the ramparts of Rhodes.

The return of the *silent* messenger put an end to her suspense: in his afflicted countenance she read her fate—and the tear of sympathy, which glittered in the good man's eye, realizing

lizing her worst apprehensions, she fainted.

With difficulty was she recovered, and copious tears afforded her some relief;—the compassionate ecclesiastic dreaded a second deprivation of reason as the too probable consequence of this dreadful intelligence. But in this conjecture he was most happily mistaken.

The most valuable metals are *softened* in that furnace whose heat *hardens* clay: the mind of HELOISE resembling the former, her susceptibility had been augmented by a series of poignant

poignant sufferings. The wound now received was deep; but its effects were less violent than might at first have been expected.

After some days of speechless woe she asked from NICOLAS the particulars of her Lover's fate. At first he shrank back from the recital; but, at last, he communicated to her all that he had learned on the mournful subject: informing her, that after the Turkish troops had made a precipitate retreat from their last attack on Rhodes—the too gallant MONTMORIN pursued them into the very heart of their own camp; where, with a

few other daring spirits, he had met an honorable fate.

DUPONTS (knowing that all enquiries after the valiant Baron, had proved unsuccessful) hesitated not to pronounce him dead: a world (*whence he had been removed*) had no longer any charm for the disconsolate HELOISE; accordingly, she resolved to bid it an everlasting farewell.

To the convent, of which her friend was a member, she presented her casket of jewels to be sold; and the produce to be applied by the society, partly to the purpose of procuring masses

masses to be said for the soul of MONT-MORIN, and, partly to the redemption of Christian slaves.

Her next step was to enter on her novitiate, in the humane and humble order of *Grey Sisters*; in which she determined to spend the remainder of her days, employed in alleviating the sufferings of her fellow-creatures. Intimate acquaintance with woe had well prepared her disposition, (naturally compassionate and contemplative) for the discharge of this benevolent employment.

C H A P. XIV.

MONTMORIN, (after passing a night in the horrible neighbourhood of the lion) beheld the dawn of day, with unspeakable satisfaction. The first appearance of morning dismissed his shaggy foe to his den, and when the sun was completely risen, the affrighted traveller quitted his concealment.

Hastening to leave a scene so replete with horror, he pursued his journey towards the sea, from which he was still at a considerable distance : towards evening he directed his steps, for shelter, to a small grove, where it was not easy for him to find any tree, of sufficient bulk, to afford a lodging in its branches.

At length, however, he found, what he sought ; and having ascended the boughs, he prepared to pass the hours of repose under this shelter. His staff he used to secure him in his habitation, (lest in his sleep he might fall from his lodging) the loss of rest, on

the preceding night, and his wearisome march, soon rendered him insensible to the perilous circumstances of his situation, and he sunk into the profoundest sleep.

About midnight, however, the trampling of horses, and the voices of their riders, interrupted his rest ; but not until they had gained that part of the wood where **MONTMORIN** had taken up his residence. He soon overheard enough of their discourse to learn their profession ; a gang of banditti was what he had not been prepared to expect, and he had little inclination to offer his services as um-
pire,

pire, for the accommodation of an eager dispute, in which the fraternity were engaged, on the distribution of some newly acquired plunder.

From *invectives* the disputants soon proceeded to *blows*,—but these were suspended on a proposition for leaving the spoil undivided, and under a guard of two of the party, whilst the others made a second excursion before day-break.

The anxious inhabitant of the tree, conjectured the number of morroders to be not less than twelve; whilst they continued occupied in their noisy con-

tention, the sighs of a female captive were drowned in the din of these ruffians. She had just fallen into their hands ; and, about her, their principal quarrel had arisen.

The earliest glimmer of returning day, discovered to his sight this figure laying at the foot of a tree, her arms bound together ; and on each side lay one of the banditti with a drawn scymetar : of these guards only one was awake, and he was endeavouring to avail himself of his comrade's drowsiness, for the accomplishment of his own designs on their unfortunate captive.

The

The noise which resistance to this brutal attempt occasioned, alarming the sleeper, he started up ; if not to defend the helpless, yet, to prevent his fellow sentinel from profiting by his wakefulness ; and with one well aimed blow of his weapon (which was ready drawn) almost severed the head of his companion from the body. At sight of this horrid scene, the wretched female uttered a loud shriek, and fainted ; in vain did the robber use every method within his power for her recovery. At length (taking from one of the packages of plunder, a small gold cup) he went

for

for water, to a murmuring brook at a little distance.

At the instant of his departure, MONTMORIN slid down from the tree, and (arming himself with the sword of the deceased) expected the return of the robber, who, on his return was so struck with the appearance he beheld, that he stood motionless ; and, undetermined whether he saw the *phantom* of the man whom he had killed, or an *Officer of Justice*.

MONTMORIN, however, soon convinced the villain that he was not a visitor from the other world. A stern summons

summons to surrender himself, was followed by a contest, in which the ruffian lost one entire cheek: frantic with rage, he fought on for some minutes, and gave his opponent a severe wound on the left arm, at the instant before he himself received a decisive blow on the neck, which laid him breathless at the feet of the Baron.

The victor now flew to the relief of the still insensible captive; whilst thus employed, he was alarmed by the approach of horses, bearing, as he supposed, the remainder of the ruffians; here, however, he was mistaken, as this company consisted entirely of a body

body of auxiliaries from the next village, who came in pursuit of the banditti, at the request of the proprietors of the pillaged caravan.

The person who was found occupying the stolen treasure, naturally fell under the strongest suspicions of guilt ; and therefore, his protestations were disregarded, and he himself was loaded with irons. His appeal to the dead witnesses was rendered totally useless, being over-ruled by the people of the caravan, who (although they had fled at the very first appearance of the robbers) declared that they had fought with

with them, and killed two of their number.

To no purpose did the captive Baron alledge, in reply, that two *headless* men could not have moved, and that the scene of the robbery was (by their own account) more than a league distant from the spot where these men then lay dead. As to the lady, *her* recollection was so totally destroyed by fright, that she could take no part in the debate ; which lasted till the arrival of the peasants at their hamlet. Here the supposed accomplice in the robbery was produced before the magistrate, who (unfortunately happen-
ing

ing not to have more sagacity than the owners of the caravan) could not discern the prisoner's innocence of the crime laid to his charge ; and *therefore* committed him to prison.

C H A P. XV.

SIX tedious weeks did the Baron remain under confinement, without any prospect of release, when the banditti being seized, were brought (for examination) to the same village ; but not before the same magistrate, whose want of sense had caused so much undeserved distress to MONTMORIN ; that dispenser of justice had been preferred, and (extensive as are the

the dominions of the Turkish empire) it seemed little likely they should boast a successor of similar sagacity

The Baron was ordered to be brought out of prison, that he might be present at the examination of the whole gang, and his story, at the first, easily gained credit with the new magistrate : but *he too*, after a while, was staggered in his belief of it, by the united voice of the other prisoners, who all pretended to recognize MONTMORIN as their accomplice. This they did, that they might revenge the death of their friend, whom, according to his own account, he had slain. The judge

judge, at length, listening to the cry of the original accusers, and to the apparently unaffected conversation of the Baron's fellow-prisoners, involved *him* in the same sentence with *them*.

The *sun* and the *grave*, are two things on which few persons can steadily fix their eyes. The love of glory, and the fear of shame do indeed daily give rise to a valour which can hardly be too much celebrated, because of its utility : hence, some men *advance* to the charge, because they dare not *stay* at their posts.

The Baron's military prowefs, or active courage, had been well tried and considerably augmented in the school of war ; but death now presented itself to him, in a new and more disheartening form. He was now to call out his passive prowefs, yet had not the ideas of HELOISE, his family, and his country melted him, he would (without a sigh) have resigned up to the executioner's stroke, a life of which he had long been weary. On hearing his sentence pronounced, his eye glistered with a tear ; it was not suffered to fall—because it must have fallen on the cheek of a warriour.

On the day preceding that appointed for his execution (in consequence of her partiality for MONTMORIN) the gaoler's daughter soon after midnight entered his cell ; and (bidding him rise and follow her) conducted him out of his prison,—after which, she assumed the disguise she had prepared for herself, and became the companion of his flight.

To MONTMORIN's expressions of gratitude, for her goodness,—SELIMA replied, that “ if he esteemed himself indebted to her, the obligation might be easily repaid by permission to accompany him to Europe ; the step she

had already taken having for ever precluded her return home."

A proposal of this nature could not fail, extremely, to embarrass our traveller ; gratitude forbade a denial, while love suggested the danger of compliance, but the former, (*that noblest principle of human actions*) for once proved too strong, even for the *most active and tyrannical of human passions* ; and SELIMA received from MONTMORIN a promise that she should find an asylum in Europe.

The dread of pursuit, and the apprehension from wild beasts, served not

not a little to embitter their journey. At length, however, their spirits were revived by the rays of the returning sun; which soon became so scorching, as to drive them, for shelter, into a forest, in whose recesses they determined to repose until the close of the day.

At the entrance of this forest they perceived a large cavern, at the descent into which was an iron grate; open and having a rosary suspended from the rock that hung over it. As there could not be any doubt of it's being the residence of a hermit, they

determined to visit this abode of sequestered piety.

MONTMORIN desired that *he* might first be permitted to explore this solitary mansion—He found the cave, large and lofty—and on entering it, his eyes were able (by means of a narrow aperture in the roof) to discover the most astonishing sight they had ever beheld.

In the centre of the cavern stood a coffin supported on tressels, and richly decorated with silver plates; the lid had been removed and MONTMORIN beheld one of the most beautiful

tiful females that ever was seen. The cold hand of death had alas ! closed her ear to all those compliments her charms must otherwise have inspired..

How long this lovely form had been lifelefs, could not easily be determined, —the unrivalled excellence of Eastern embalmers giving a long permanency to beauty. At a sight so new, and so affecting, our Adventurer's foul could not fail to be deeply harrowed up ; after having, for fome time, confined his attention to this melancholy object he turned his eyes around the fpacious tomb—and, at the remoteft part, he defcried reclining in

a sort of niche, a venerable figure in a hermit's habit, before whom stood a table whereon lay, a *book* and a *crucifix*.

MONTMORIN addressed the inhabitant of the recess—but received not an answer. To no purpose was every attempt used to rouze him—Death appeared to have numbered him with those whose earthly sorrows are no more. Horror had now completely seized the Baron's mind—he examined the features of the anchorit; something *like* recollection darted across the soul of the astonished traveller—Again, he gazed, and taking the hermit's

mit's hand found it *still pliable*; hope dawned on him, and suggested, that possibly departing life might be recalled by bleeding—he opened a vein, at first no blood issued, but afterwards it flowed freely; and at length, to the unspeakable joy of MONTMORIN, the hermit opened his eyes, and fixed them on his deliverer.

They said many things—Thanks and wonder were the predominant expressions; at length the power of speech returned, and he thus addressed his benefactor.

“ Great

“ Great indeed are the obligations I owe to my deliverer—had you arrived but a few minutes later, most probably all efforts to recall my wavering spirit would have been ineffectual. The best return (next to my prayers to Heaven in your behalf) that I can make, is by gratifying the curiosity which must have been awakened by the marvellous scene before you.”

While the hermit spoke SELIMA entered, anxious to learn the fate of her companion. Her appearance made the anchoret to start, but on being told by MONTMORIN *who* she was, he requested her to be seated. He then

spread

spread his board with his best, but simple fare, and began his narrative.

C H A P. XVIII.

“ I AM the youngest son of a noble house in France, rendered equally conspicuous by opulence and by alliance. At an early period of life I made choice of the profession of arms ; to young men of high birth and scanty fortunes the banner of Rhodes afforded at once desirable protection and honorable employment.

“ Thither

“ Thither therefore I directed my course, in the character of a knight secular. After a service of some years, I was appointed to the command of a galley belonging to the Religious. I had it in orders to harass the Turkish vessels, and, for a time, my success in the execution of them was considerable; but falling in with a fleet of Turkish galleys, after an obstinate engagement, being constrained to submit to a very superior force, I was carried away into slavery.

“ On my arrival at Constantinople I was placed in the Emperor’s palace, where my time passed in discharging the

the painful duties of an inferior station. Often did I sigh for liberty, perhaps my sighs were in part prompted by the hope of revenge.—The indignities I daily experienced naturally promoted that love of vengeance which we are too prone to cherish in our breasts ; although *that passion*, when gratified, becomes our own bitterest punishment : for the heart must indeed be desperately bad that can receive pleasure from the sufferings of a fallen foe.

“ To these just reflexions, however, I was in a great measure a stranger, when

when I suffered myself to be hurried away by a thirst after revenge.

“ With the Emperor there lived the heir apparent to his crown : a prince distinguished, from the common herd, *only* by his vices. These were very numerous, and received no softening from that easy yielding disposition which, more or less, generally pleads in extenuation of the follies of youth.

“ The talents of this sordid, selfish slave of every baneful passion, were *not* naturally considerable ; and yet, by practice, his narrow mind had acquired

red a dangerous versatility, with which he could both plan and execute designs that depended for success chiefly on dissimulation. But the prominent feature in his character was *cruelty*. This was at once increased and circumscribed by his cowardice.

“ This monster of dissocial vice, was not the *sole* expectant of the Imperial diadem. AMURATH his younger brother, had once, and for a long season, rivalled him in the Emperor’s affection. Of this young prince one needs only to say, that, in every respect

pect, he was the opposite to MAHOMET.

“ Had there not subsisted in the base mind of the elder, a jealousy respecting the succession, yet would the difference of character alone have sufficed, to mark out the amiable AMURATH, as an object of aversion to his detestable brother.

“ Therefore by the dark soul of MAHOMET it was resolved to remove AMURATH from the royal presence : to this end, was a train laid ; for inspiring the Emperor’s mind with a suspicion that his younger son was

D “ fired

fired with an ambition to sway the Turkish sceptre—*without* waiting for his father's demise.

“ In a country where the daily dread of revolutions naturally begets the severest despotism ; and where that despotism in its turn, begets frequent revolutions, a suggestion of this nature (however unsupported) found too easy entrance into the sovereign's mind. AMURATH was therefore sent, shortly, into an honourable exile, as commander in chief of the army stationed on the frontiers, for the purpose of checking the incursions of the Tartar foe : thus he was pre-
cluded

cluded from any intercourse with the Janissaries, who consider themselves as being the only arbiters, for limiting and altering the Turkish succession.

C H A P. XIX.

“THE promotion of the innocent prince to this military trust, procured for me an unexpected relief from my servile labours in a kitchen, and an appointment near to the person of AMURATH. My spirits almost mechanically rose with my situation, and I received from my generous patron a command of cavalry. To do honour to his choice was now the

the first wish of my grateful heart ; and I was happy, almost every day, in some instance of signalizing my fidelity.

“ In a short time the good success which often attended my attempts, rendered me a pretty general favorite.

“ Thus encouraged, I one day pushed my good fortune further than any one of our troops had ever ventured to do, and at the end of an excursion I had the satisfaction, at the head of a considerable detachment, to surprize a Tartar village : the women and children were, after a flight skirmish,

abandoned to us by the men. The captives I carried back to serve by way of hostage, and to prevent the cruelties frequently practised on those of the Turkish subjects or soldiers who at any time became prisoners to the Tartar foe.

“ Immediately on my return to camp, (after this brilliant expedition, I presented the prisoners to AMURATH—and, till they were ranged before his tent, I had never attentively surveyed the prize fortune had bestowed on me.

“ Amongst

“ Amongst the captives was a young woman of most distinguished personal charms, and whose air, at once dignified and easy, spoke her destined for a better and a milder fate. On this fascinating beauty AMURATH gazed in silent admiration. He unbound her hands himself, and, (carelessly consigning her fellow-prisoners to the captain of the guard) conducted the desponding, but matchless ZOPHIMA to his own tent. I followed her steps, and joined my efforts to his, that we might raise her drooping spirits, which sunk in proportion as the prince endeavoured to make her

sensible of her pre-eminence in his regard.

“ In vain did AMURATH assure her, that in *him*, she beheld her *slave*, not her *conqueror*. Her tears flowed incessantly, and the night was consumed in the severest paroxysms of grief.

“ Early next morning the enamoured general visited his lovely en-slaver, and enquired whether any, or who, among the prisoners, had the happiness to be of her kindred, or in any manner particularly connected with her ? Professing his earnest desire to afford for her sake, every alleviation

viation of captivity to all of that description.

“ ZOPHIMA replied, that although she was not particularly connected with any of them, yet they were all dear to her, as her *father's people*. From this unguarded expression, we discovered the rank of our beautiful captive, who was daughter to the Tartar prince.

“ No discovery could yield to AMURATH such pleasure as this, and he now resolved to gratify himself by shewing all possible instances of kindness

ness to those in whose fate ZOPHIMA was interested.

“ The good nature and the vanity of ZOPHIMA conspired to render her susceptible of heart-felt delight. Her lover, on his part, plainly perceiving, the success of his plan of courtship, valued himself not a little on having discovered the surest road to the heart of his mistress : his vanity too was flattered by the success of his penetration, which (perhaps from its resemblance to divination) gratifies self-love more than all the other qualities of the mind.

“ The

“ The amiable captive (from softening the captivity of her father's subjects) proceeded to exert her influence with their conqueror, in forming the basis of a pacification between the belligerent powers. The brave are never deaf to proposals of mercy ; and upon the total defeat of the Tartar army in a pitched battle (some weeks after the capture of ZOPHIMA) a truce was agreed to on both sides.

“ Love had unstrung the bow, and sheathed the sword of AMURATH, and ambassadors were dispatched to Constantinople to treat of peace.

“ The

“ The malicious MAHOMET, naturally averse to every peaceable proposal, and on this occasion particularly desirous to prolong the war, apprehending that any termination of it (especially so happy a one as now offered) would probably *restore* his detested rival to his place at court,—if not also to his father’s good graces, by every obstacle that he could contrive, opposed the pacification, with the same degree of zeal that the enigmoured AMURATH promoted it.

C H A P. XX.

ZOPHIMA had granted to her lover a promise, that her hand should be his as soon as peace was proclaimed. He therefore burned with unutterable anxiety for the return of the ambassadors : and, when their long delay had nearly distracted him, he received at length a private hint from a friend at court, accounting for the ill success of the negotiators, by a

refe-

reference to the intrigues of his elder brother.

“ This information determined him to hasten home, and by his presence to accelerate the completion of the business : and, on taking his departure from the frontiers of the empire, to my care did AMURATH confide the lovely object of his tenderest affections.

“ Whilst AMURATH assisted at Constantinople in forwarding the negotiation for peace, MAHOMET, by the help of his sycophants, embraced that opportunity to sift his attendants as to every

every part of their master's conduct, public and private. An attachment so strong and so ardent, and so plainly avowed, as AMURATH's to ZOPHIMA, was naturally not only mentioned, but enlarged upon—and the lively description of the lustre of her charms serving to awaken the desires of the detestable MAHOMET, he dispatched a Janissary (with private orders in the Emperor's name) to the Bashaw, on whom the command had devolved in AMURATH's absence, requiring that ZOPHIMA should forthwith, be sent to Constantinople, alledging, that her presence there would hasten the favorable

con-

conclusion of the treaty *then* depending.

“ On the arrival of the Imperial messenger at the Turkish camp, the charge of attending the lovely princesses to the metropolis was reposed in me by the Bashaw, who assigned a suitable escort.

“ It was however with deep concern that I set about to execute this commission : to one who well knew the vicious character of MAHOMET, it must have been a task truly painful, to guide the unsuspecting ZOPHIMA to a city,

a city, where the influence of that miscreant knew scarcely any bounds.

“ During the course of the journey I laboured, as much as possible, to appease her anxieties, and I dwelt continually on AMURATH’s unalterable affection for her. As soon as we reached the suburbs of Constantinople, an officer of the Emperor’s body-guard met us, and demanded from me the custody of ZOPHIMA. I replied, that my orders required me to deliver the Princess to *the Emperor in person*; and that to him alone would I surrender up the treasure with which I had the honour to be entrusted.

“ On this, the officer commanded his party to draw their swords, and to enforce compliance with his requisition : there remained therefore no longer any doubt that the whole business of ZOPHIMA was planned by MAHOMET, and *not by his father.*

“ Determined to sell the liberty of ZOPHIMA at as dear a rate as possible, I ordered my escort to oppose force to force. The action was not of any long duration ; and in the course of a few minutes we fairly *cut our way* through our opponents, whose commander we left breathless on the field.

“ On

“ On my arrival at the palace-gate, AMURATH accidentally met me. The astonishment with which he was seized at sight of his beloved ZOPHIMA and her attendants was absolutely inexpressible. As soon as he had ascertained our really being what we appeared to be, and *not phantoms*, he with some difficulty was even then prevailed on to believe we had received and acted in consequence of the Imperial mandate.

“ To the Emperor AMURATH instantly introduced us. The order to attend with ZOPHIMA before the Divan at Constantinople was produced, and

the reading of it incensed the sovereign beyond all imagination. MAHOMET was instantly ordered to attend at the council, where throwing himself at the Emperor's feet, he entreated pardon for a crime into which he had been hurried by the *excess of filial piety*.

“ He then proceeded to state, that his brother had laid a scheme for an *immediate* accession to the throne, which was to be guaranteed to him by the Khan, (in consideration of an intermarriage with ZOPHIMA) and that an immense Tartar army was then assembling for this very purpose, who were to act in concert with the remainder

mainder of those forces over which AMURATH had been victorious, as well as with the Turkish troops now on the frontiers, and that this confederacy must be too powerful for his Imperial Majesty's arms. " You have now (said he) fully heard my *crime* ; therefore I have little to fear from my *sentence*."

" The Emperor, terrified at the idea of an intruding successor, listened *only to his own fears*, and they, *all eloquent*, directed the imprisonment of AMURATH.

“ As to ZOPHIMA, she was lodged in the haram, till her fate should be finally determined ; and I was sentenced to suffer an ignominious death.

C H A P. XXI.

“ **F**OR the prevention of my unjust sentence the mercy of Providence interposed in the following wonderful manner.

“ An aged Greek, to whom in my military capacity I had rendered some services, hearing of my distressed condition, resolved if possible to effect my deliverance.

“ For this purpose, he contrived with some delicious old wine of his own country, to intoxicate my keeper, who chanced to be of his intimate acquaintance. This done, he conducted me, disguised in female apparel, to a retirement of his at a considerable distance from the city.

“ There I lived for some months in profound retirement, at the expiration of which I had the happiness to learn, from my grateful protector, that AMURATH and ZOPHIMA had been so fortunate as to accomplish their escape into the Tartar country, where they found

found an asylum from the attacks and snares of their malicious persecutor.

“ Farther *than that*, I have never been able to learn of them, or their concerns: but as MAHOMET hath since ascended his father’s throne, (having first vacated it by poison) I have little reason to suppose that my generous and valiant master could think of returning to the dominions of so base and so cruel a monster.

“ For my part, safety did not entirely compensate for the dullness of my profound solitude, in which I was interdicted, as it were, the society of the

the *dead*, as well as of the *living* ; for I had neither *books* nor *companions*.— My host indeed was so good as to make me frequent visits, but then they were necessarily very short ; and a settled melancholy had begun to prey upon my spirits, when one day my kind benefactor appeared, with a face which could not fail to brighten the most dreary scenes. He brought in his hand a captivating young woman, a niece of his by a brother, who, at his death, had bequeathed her as a legacy to the care of Zoilus, (for so was my friend named.)

“ My

“ My lovely HELEN was indeed one of the *few*, who are able from a “ *desert to banish solitude*”—and this she did so *effectually* from the scene of my irksome concealment, that although various opportunities of revisiting France now occurred, they were without demur neglected.

“ From the time of the late Emperor’s death no offer of reward for apprehending me had been repeated,—but being now fast bound in the bonds of a delightful captivity, I was little disposed to attempt regaining my liberty, in *any* sense of the word. As soon as I saw reason to hope that I had

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established an interest in the heart of her I passionately loved, I then solicited her hand, supported as I was with her uncle's recommendation. My offer met with a gracious reception, and success crowned my utmost wishes.

“ At the shrine of Love were friends, country, glory and ambition gladly sacrificed.—ZOILUS soon procured for us at a great distance from his own retreat, a small farm, and, by considerable presents he also insured to us the protection of the new governor of the province,—so that (removed as we were to a considerable distance from

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the seat of empire) we thought ourselves safe alike from the arm and machinations of MAHOMET.

“ Happy in one another, and happy also in the society of our dear ZOILUS who followed us into our retirement—some enviable years elapsed in unclouded prosperity. Providence was pleased however by *his* death, to remind us by how short and uncertain a tenure *all human felicity* is necessarily held.

“ In the hour of prosperity, as in a bright summer’s morning, few persons consider how suddenly thick clouds may

may arise and darken the luminous horizon : when the reverse of fortune calls us to reflect on man's momentary interest in the *passing shifting scenes of life*, and that these are merely preparatory to our sustaining far higher characters in the great succeeding ones of a boundless eternity—one derives instruction and consolation too from events, *such as the death of Zoilus.*

C H A P. XXII.

“ **N**OW I felt that the string which bound my heart to a place of residence so distant from my dear native country *relaxed*; all her numberless attractions revived and gradually resumed their wonted empire in my breast—the importance of being *re-admitted* into the bosom of the church appeared to me, in the hours of sober recollection, far greater than

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it had, in the seasons of voluptuous forgetfulness : therefore, as soon as I had paid the last sad rites to ZOILUS, I relieved my mind from *some* share of its grief, by preparing to leave a foreign land, and to convey my lovely HELEN to share with me the delights of France.

“ My beloved companion urged many arguments against the *speedy* execution of this plan, and, having (in compliance with her wishes) once postponed it ; a lapse of time imperceptibly recovered me from the first stunning effects of my irreparable loss.— Thus, by *procrastination*, (that great

bane

bane of human life) all my wife intentions defeated, and in little more than a year, I insensibly sunk back into my former indefensible plan of ending my days in the degrading luxury of Eastern indolence. HELEN's mind was never *heartily at rest*, till I had given up this point, for which, however, she had never, by any means *eagerly contested*; and my mind felt the drowsy satisfaction of looking no farther than the narrow limits of its *present situation*, for all the resources of its happiness.

“ A few months after this revolution in my schemes, my most flatter-

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ing prospects were *for ever* and *completely* darkened. It happened that, one evening on my return from a walk, on my entrance into the garden, I discovered HELEN seated in an arbour, and listening, *attentively*, to the discourse of a young man.

“ For some time I observed them unseen, but their *tenderly embracing each other*, kindled a rage, which knew no bounds ; for without waiting for expostulation, I rushed forward and plunged a poignard in the bosom of my HELEN.

“ She

“ She fell instantly, while the young man, drawing his sword, prepared to revenge her fate—but she, opening her lovely languid eyes, faintly exclaimed, “ *O spare my husband!* ” then fixedly contemplating me, she solemnly, but in faltering accents, *asserted her own innocence*, and bid adieu to a world which was not worthy of her.

“ The stranger, whose hand had thus been stayed by the expiring breath of my departed angel, proved to be the son of Zoilus’s younger brother—Him I had often heard the uncle mention, as one of whom his relations knew nothing, after his depar-

ture in early life from Constantinople.

“ This long lost youth having, after a very considerable absence, returned to his native home, on hearing of our retreat and our situation, had formed a design of uniting himself to our little family, and passing, in our society, the remainder of his days.

“ The various contending passions that now tore my agonizing breast, could not be fully described by *any* words, nor conceived by the *generality* of minds.

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" It was with no small difficulty that the kinsman of my HELEN was persuaded to accept, (from her almost distracted murtherer) the little estate wherein he had experienced so much felicity.

"Having had *what once was* HELEN embalmed, I repaired with her precious remains, to this cave, where for twenty years penitence and prayer have engrossed my whole attention.

"Twice a week her cousin brings me supplies of such simple diet, as suits the life I lead: the iron grate at the entrance is, when closed (as it is

always at night) a safe fence against the inroads of wild beasts,—and the lamp which is nightly suspended at my cave's mouth, has frequently served to direct the bewildered traveller to this mansion of sorrow.”

Whilst the hermit told his tale, **MONTMORIN** scrutinized him with closest attention,—an idea of *recollection* still floating in his mind. Whenever the hermit addressed him, it was his *father* spoke, and yet his father was no more. He wished for something, and yet he knew not for what, whilst employed in recollecting the features of his venerable host. He cast his

eyes

eyes on the shield that was affixed to the side of the cave—he looked at the device—'Twas that of his *father*.

Astonishment, for a while, deprived him of utterance—at last he claimed the arms as his own. On this, the hermit asked his name, and no sooner was that of MONTMORIN pronounced, than (bursting into tears) the hoary sage exclaimed, “*You are my nephew!*” The Baron embracing the good old man, recollect ed the mention of an uncle, ST. HUBERT DE MONTMORIN, who had at an early period of life been carried into slavery, and of

whom no tidings had ever been heard.

SELIMA mingled her tears with those of ST. HUBERT and MONTMORIN, and the day was elapsed before the hermit's curiosity was half-satisfied. On hearing that his brother was no more, he dropped the tear of tender recollection.

MONTMORIN proceeded to inform his uncle of all his adventures since his leaving France, and likewise of the reasons that hastened his return ; the most urgent of which was his apprehension lest his adored HELOISE should have

have fallen a victim to his rival's greatness, whilst his own unfortunate situation had precluded him from affording her any relief.

This part of the nephew's conversation threw his companion into visible and great agitation. At the first moment of her proposing to visit Europe, the Baron had candidly confessed to SELIMA his pre-engagement to HELOISE ; yet could she not endure (without pungent sorrow) to hear her happy rival mentioned, in strains at once the most impassioned and the most respectful.

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As the mind of SELIMA was a virtuous one, her continuing to follow MONTMORIN, after she knew of his attachment to HELOISE, may seem unaccountable ; but she flattered herself with an idea that “ probably her rival might have been fatally driven into some snare of regal seduction,—or else, that despairing of ever more beholding her first lover, she might have transferred her affections to some other object.”

With hopes, like these, had SELIMA fed her passion for the Baron. He on his part, although by no means in love with her, yet was within himself

deter-

determined, from motives of gratitude
(should his HELOISE be no more) to
marry the gentle SELIMA.

C H A P. XXIII.

THE generous and affectionate nephew urged every motive to influence the hermit to revisit his native country; assuring him that in the family-castle he should find an asylum from the vexations and cares of life, equally tranquil with that he now enjoyed—and, at least on one account, much more desirably situated.

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As the sight of scenes where the guiltless years of infancy have elapsed, never fails to excite pleasing emotions in every heart blessed with sensibility : with this proposal the venerable anchoret declined acceding, saying, “the hour of my dissolution cannot now be far distant—although religion forbids me to accelerate its approach, yet will it enable me to meet it with a smile, and I trust that the sorrows I have experienced in this vale of tears, will in some measure have prepared me for the society of that sainted spirit my guilty hand dismissed from this world of woe. For me who knows the real value of every sublunary joy, to forsake

take this solemn retreat, for the purpose of once more mixing with the world ; for such a one to withdraw his eyes from contemplating the awful memento of futurity, this cell contains, and to fix them on the vanities or gaieties of the world, would argue a depravity of mind I should blush to feel, (after so many years of solitary and repentant anguish. No, my son, return to your native country, marry the deserving HELOISE, or if her ashes rest in peace, reward, by the offer of your hand, the generous SELIMA. The woman who was capable of restoring you to freedom, at the risque of her life, unquestionably deserves every

possible

possible instance of gratitude ; at the same time that a mind equal to so heroic an act as that to which you owe your deliverance, would never wish you to violate obligations, sacred as those into which you have entered with HELOISE. But, O beware of jealousy ! and, when in the hour of retirement, recollection shall recall this day's adventure, remember the shortness and instability of human happiness, and fix the anchor of your hope *beyond the confines of mortality.*" He ceased ; and after some days spent with the venerable St. HUBERT MONTMORIN, (accompanied by HERACLIUS, the kinsman of HELEN, set forward

forward for the ocean. The parting of ST. HUBERT and his nephew was interesting in the extreme,—those alone who have parted with the objects of affectionate regard, whilst their minds were impressed with a conviction *that they are to meet no more* on earth, they alone *can* conceive the feelings of ST. HUBERT and MONTMORIN; for though their acquaintance was but of short date, by the sight of his nephew were the dormant affections of the hermit thoroughly awakened, whilst his misfortunes added to the force of kindred-blood, had secured him a lively interest in the bosom of MONTMORIN.

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When the travellers were within sight of the destined port, they overtook a procession of a singular description: a friar, of the Order of Mercy, leading a horse caparisoned with black, and bearing a coffin covered with a sable pall, fixed across the saddle. In company with the friar was a lady in deep mourning, her head covered with a black veil, and holding a crucifix in her hand; they delayed not for a moment to enquire the cause of this extraordinary procession. The lady returned *no answer* to their enquiries, and indeed seemed wholly absorbed in grief.

—From the friar, however, they learned that in the coffin were con-

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tained the remains of a noble Venetian, who had been captured by the Turks, and had whilst in captivity died of his wounds ; that the lady they saw was his mistress, who on the first news of his melancholy fate, had hastened to solicit, in person, the freedom of her lover—That (provided with a considerable ransom) she had repaired to the place of his captivity ; but arrived only time enough to receive his expiring sigh—That having purchased the corpse at a considerable price, she was now returning to Venice, there to erect a superb monument to his memory. MONTMORIN delayed not to make application for a

passage

passage for SELIMA and himself in the same vessel with this singular company. This favour was readily granted, and they all embarked for Venice, leaving HERACLIUS to return home, and continue his attentions to the venerable St. HUBERT.

C H A P. XXIV.

MONTMORIN, doomed to be the sport of fortune, had not been long at sea, before an Algerine corsair once more deprived him of that liberty he had so lately obtained. This event had nearly proved fatal to his life. At the time when hope was kindly pointing towards his native country, as if about to fix her anchor on the shores of France—*then*

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to see himself once more reduced to the humiliating and hopeless condition of a slave—to stand so *severe a shock* of adversity, when in full expectation of prosperity, required a fortitude more than human.—MONTMORIN, who had braved the approach of death, when surrounded by the magnificent horrors of war,—he who had prepared to meet with serenity an unmerited and ignominious fate, was not equal to support this *last trial*—his spirits sunk under it, and he became a prey to the most gloomy reflections.

On their arrival at Algiers, the captain conveyed all his prisoners to his

own country-house, where he suffered MONTMORIN, SELIMA, the lady and the friar, to remain unmolested, whilst he disposed of the rest of the crew to the highest bidders in the public slave-market. As it was from MONTMORIN and his select party alone that he entertained any hopes of receiving a considerable ransom ; their jewels having led him to suppose they were people of wealth ; and after keeping them for some time in confinement within doors, to make them more desirous of liberty, RHEDI (the Barbarian chief) employed MONTMORIN and the friar in severe tasks, whilst he lodged SELIMA and Es-

ESTEFANIA, the Venetian lady, in his feraglio.

Amongst the females who composed the haram of RHEDI, was a young Circassian of very distinguished beauty ; she had long reigned sole empress of his heart ; but for RHEDI, *novelty* possessed most powerful attractions.—SELIMA was by no means destitute of personal charms ; she was indeed (according to Eastern ideas) a perfect beauty—large blue eyes, a fair complexion, and locks of a fable hue—all these recommendations SELIMA possessed. She boasted also another, and a far more important charm, for

she had an elevated mind ; but of this merit her new admirer was no judge.

Whilst RHEDI was assiduously soliciting the regards of SELIMA, ESTEFANIA, whose charms were somewhat less captivating, but whose character and misfortunes would in the opinion of any (but a Barbarian) have rendered her more interestingly engaging than her blooming rival, devoted her solitary days to the pleasing, though melancholy employment of weeping over the corpse of her lover ; which, at her most earnest entreaties, had been placed in her apartment. ZEMIRA,

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the *quondam* object of RHEDI's affections, perceiving her own influence on the decline, and beyond measure piqued at the desertion that had taken place, determined on a speedy revenge. She accordingly dispatched a confidential female to inform MONTMORIN that his merit having made a considerable impression on her heart, the very next evening that RHEDI passed at Algiers should be the one selected for the completion of his happiness.

For an adventure of this nature, (big with danger and unsupported by passion) MONTMORIN felt not the smallest inclination. Perhaps fear of

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detection—perhaps the purity of his affections for HELOISE—perhaps a still higher motive, occasioned the refusal he sent to ZEMIRA. She, however hesitated not to ascribe it to contempt of her personal charms. Even in Europe, where women are endowed with many other attractions, a flight of this nature is considered as not easily pardonable; but in a country where *reason* seldom rivets the chains of *love*—where *beauty* is the sole support of female sway,—there it must expect the severest punishment. For a moment revenge prompted the death of MONTMORIN,—but desire checked the idea, and confined the anger of

ZEMIRA to *threats*—these were communicated to MONTMORIN, and had he conceived that the power of this fair one equalled her vindictive inclination, they might possibly have produced the desired effect. MONTMORIN however persisted to decline her offer, urging in his excuse the extreme danger that must be incurred by both parties. ZEMIRA now suspected that SELIMA, whose charms had deprived her of RHEDI, might also have previously engaged the affections of MONTMORIN, so as to render him insensible of her attractions, and yet as SELIMA and MONTMORIN had no opportunities of meeting, she hoped that

that time might effect the wished-for change. Some months however having elapsed, devoted by RHEDI to fruitless solicitation, as they were by SELIMA to the practice of virtues that would have adorned a more enlightened mind ; whilst ESTEFANIA, MONTMORIN, and the friar, despairing of ever more beholding their native country, were become the victims of settled uniform melancholy.—ZEMIRA resolved that death should remove the guiltless obstacle to her own happiness.—A slow poison was accordingly administered to the unsuspecting SELIMA ; the effects were soon *visible*, but they did not seem likely to be as soon

soon *fatal*. Whilst matters were in this situation, a friar of the Order of Mercy arrived from Venice, with an immense sum sent by the Republic to obtain the relief of ESTEFANIA, and her suite ; this lady being of the noble house of CORNARO will account for the strenuous exertions made to procure her freedom. The news of this event was highly grateful to the captives, as the benevolent and amiable ESTEFANIA failed not to include SELIMA and MONTMORIN in the number of those on whom the inestimable gift of freedom was now about to be bestowed. RHEDI parted with reluctance from the obdurate SELIMA, yet

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he had no prospect of success but from force, and *that* he cared not to employ, for fear (lest she being the daughter of a Believer) he might hereafter suffer for any outrageous attempt on her. She therefore, in company with her fellow-sufferers, was permitted to embark for Venice,—where, after a prosperous voyage, they arrived in safety.

C H A P. XXV.

THE benevolence of ESTEFANIA unequalled but by her misfortunes, provided a suitable residence for the strangers, and assiduously watched the declining health of SELIMA. Though MONTMORIN loved but HELOISE, yet his *gratitude* to SELIMA rendered his feelings on her account highly painful. From ZEMIRA's last message which she sent to him when

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he was about to embark, he easily accounted for the indisposition of the generous fair one. To the medical sages of the Day he applied : they gave him hopes that youth might yet be found too strong for the poison which the unsuspecting SELIMA had taken. The wishes of MONTMORIN, as is generally the case, dictated to his hopes, and SELIMA who was still ignorant of the source whence her indisposition arose, was cheered with the promise of returning health ; a sea voyage was advised, and with this prescription MONTMORIN determined speedily to comply.

On the day previous to the intended departure of SELIMA and MONTMORIN, as they were walking in *St. Mark's Place*, they observed a number of Turkish slaves at that moment landing ; they were the crew of a galley just taken by a vessel belonging to the Republic—there were several who from their dress and the heavy irons they bore, were pointed out as the slaves who had rowed the Turkish galley. One of those men appeared greatly dejected,—and walked towards the prison (whither they were then conducting him) with an air peculiarly sorrowful, as he passed by SELIMA she exclaimed, “ My father ! ”

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and fainted in the arms of MONTMORIN ; the captive awakened from his reverie by her *well-known voice*, burst into tears, and attempted to approach his daughter; but one of the guard giving him a severe lash, forced him to proceed.—The old man uttered a groan, and casting one look of pity upon his unhappy child, followed the partners of his misery. MONTMORIN, in vain, endeavoured to procure a respite for the unhappy MURAD ; his guards were inflexible, and the advocate was obliged to desist. With difficulty he effected the recovery of SELIMA, and having conveyed her home, hastened to solicit the interference

rence of ESTEFANIA to procure the liberty of MURAD.—This the beneficent Venetian easily accomplished, and MONTMORIN flew to the scene of his confinement.

As he entered the dreary abode, his heart throbbed with generous extasy at the idea of restoring to MURAD that freedom which had been forfeited in consequence of his own preservation.

He found the desponding captive seated in a remote corner of the dungeon, his arms were folded, whilst his eyes were directed towards that Hea-

ven whose mercy never fails to alleviate the sufferings of those, who bear its chastisements with pious resignation. MURAD soon recognized MONTMORIN,—the feelings of the captive were absorbed in those of the father—he earnestly enquired if his SELIMA was recovered. The Baron answered in the affirmative, adding that she waited with anxiety to implore his forgiveness, shewing him at the same time the order for his liberty. MURAD arose, and followed MONTMORIN to the residence of SELIMA.

The interview that took place was interesting in the extreme. Scenes of this

this nature must necessarily suffer greatly from description. Suffice it therefore to say, that the sight of SELIMA banished for a while the remembrance of sorrow from the breast of MURAD.

When the first transports of unutterable joy were over, MURAD informed them, that being supposed guilty of conniving at the escape of MONTMORIN, he himself had been sentenced to the galleys for life. He then expressed his gratitude to Heaven for its interference in his behalf, whilst SELIMA endeavoured by every manifestation of the tenderest regard, to atone for a conduct to which nothing could have

induced her, but the force of her attachment to MONTMORIN.—Love is a tyrant who will bear *no rival near the throne* ; its magic influence has *dilated* the *flinty* heart of avarice, and *steeled to vengeance* the gentlest bosoms. In vain do the other passions oppose its sway. Like a Roman victor the little God drags them triumphant at his chariot wheels.

Most people will severely censure the conduct of SELIMA, as if highly culpable,—but when she is considered as having been swayed by the most impetuous and dangerous passion that can agitate the human breast ; when

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it is considered that reason, though the noblest attribute of man, can but faintly resist its encroaching authority, we shall not with-hold our pity from the hapless SELIMA.

MONTMORIN proposed to MURAD that he should be the companion of their voyage. *He sighed assent* ; as if the awful hand of fate had unfolded the momentous scroll of destiny ; and warned MURAD of his approaching dissolution,—he sickened—the soul of SELIMA was on the rack. Nine days he lingered in this world of woe—on the tenth he clasped the hand of SELIMA, and *ceased to suffer*. This

event had well nigh terminated the sorrows of the lovely mourner. When the unremitting and tender attentions of MONTMORIN had at length restored some portion of tranquillity to her breast, the last rites being paid to the corse of MURAD, they embarked for France, whither they were soon wafted by propitious gales.

C H A P. XXVI.

MONTMORIN perceived with inexpressible regret that the effects of ZEMIRA's treachery would probably *soon* prove fatal. His conjectures alas ! were but too well founded. On their arrival in France, SELIMA was set on shore, but was then too ill to admit of being removed to his castle, which lay at a considerable distance.

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On hearing that a sick stranger was at one of the inns in the town, two Grey Sisters repaired thither to discharge those important and amiable duties for which their sisterhood was instituted.

When they entered the apartment, SELIMA reclined on a couch, was casting a languid look on the afflicted MONTMORIN—*the dress of Heloise* prevented the recollections of her lover—Wonder and agony filled her bosom.

With trembling steps she sought the convent. *Montmorin alive—but stranger still—* *inconstant*—it was too much
—and

—and yet *to her* he still was dead. That solemn vow which consecrates to Heaven the vestal's spotless love —*That vow* had passed her lips.—Exquisite as were her sufferings, religion calmed her *spirit*, and moderated her transports—tears shed in solitude were the *only* effects of this wonderful discovery ;—hope, celestial hope, promised a bliss beyond the reach of fate. HELOISE looked with resignation towards that happy shore, where forever *cease the short-lived sorrows of mortality*, whilst memory *shall* restore them, but to heighten the felicity awarded by Heaven as the *meed of suffering virtue*.

MONTMORIN in the mean time received the last sigh of his generous SELIMA—the tear of grateful remembrance bedewed her urn. Previous to her death, the pious Father NICOLAS had received her into the bosom of the church, and MONTMORIN prepared to deposite her loved remains in the chapel of the Grey Sisters. The news of the intended funeral soon reached the weeping HELOISE, and she prepared to assist in paying the last sad rites to *her rival*. Had HELOISE still been mistress of her *hand*, this intelligence might have revived her drooping spirit. But she with-held not a tear from the ashes of SELIMA. At the appointed

appointed time she entered the chapel bearing her taper. When the melancholy procession approached, her heart palpitated.—MONTMORIN appeared;—HELOISE joined with tremulous voice in the solemn *requiem*. When the sad rites were concluded, the lovely vestal having cast *one parting look* on the unconscious Baron, *returned to her cell*.

The dreadful scene was over—hitherto her exertions had not failed her, but on reaching her apartment she swooned. By the assistance of the sisterhood she recovered, and in time became resigned to her fate.

MONTMORIN in the mean while having no longer any impediment to his wishes, set out for his paternal seat. On the second day he arrived within a few miles of the castle : whilst he stopped to refresh his steed at a small cottage, an old peasant approached him, whose hoary locks and emaciated figure pleaded strongly in his favour ; he extended his hand to solicit charity ; but knowing human nature, he extended it *with doubt*. A big tear glistened in his eye, uncertain whether it was to fall, as the *tribute of gratitude*, or as the *effusion of disappointment*.—He was relieved, the tear *fell*—but it was *not lost*,—it was *recorded* in the presence

presence of Him who inculcates the practice, and will reward the exertions of Charity.

From the peasant, MONTMORIN learned that VALLANCE having made his peace at court, was released, and was at that moment besieging the castle of MONTMORIN. The Baron flew to his paternal seat—it was evening when he arrived. The idea that its inhabitants *wanted a deliverer* hastened his approach ; but lessened the pleasure which after a long absence, the sight of those scenes where we have formerly been happy, seldom fails to inspire.

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By a secret way he reached the castle, and having entered through a subterraneous passage, he suddenly appeared in the great hall.

The sight of one whom they had considered as *now no more*, did not fail to alarm the guards who were stationed there ; they fled in *wild dismay*, and with difficulty were they prevailed on to return. At length the Baroneſs and the other relations of MONTMORIN ventured to appear ; and a ſcene too interesting for deſcription ensued. MONTMORIN eagerly enquired for his HELOISE,—the Baroneſs replied, that ſince her eſcape from D'Anois, nothing had been heard of her. MONTMORIN now

now gave himself up to despair ;—at length however the dangers that environed his family *roused him to action*, and the morning, beginning to break, he prepared for a vigorous sally.

VALLANCE was just marshalling his troops in order to storm the castle ; when the presence of its lord, who presented himself with his vizor, *elevated*, rendered the guilty Baron *motionless*. He considered MONTMORIN as sent from the grave to revenge a father's fate. The Baron dropping his vizor, attacked the trembling VALLANCE, who fell an easy victim to the arm of his antagonist. A general

route ensued, and the victorious Baron re-entered his paternal castle crowned with well-earned laurels. The object that had hitherto divided his attention, being removed by the defeat of *VAL-LANCE*, his thoughts were *wholly engrossed* by the loss of *HELOISE*. For some days he remained on the rack, unable to determine on any line of conduct.

When the Baron DUPONTS having heard of his return repaired to the castle, and communicated to him the situation of his beloved, horror now seized the astonished *MONTMORIN*—despair assumed the empire of his breast—

breast---a violent fever ensued which confined him to the castle: he could not fly to HELOISE,---but *if he could*, the fatal vow was passed.---Even *hope* had nothing to offer but *death*, and for *that* he ardently prayed. Life was on the wing---his disconsolate family were weeping around him---when a friar arriving at the castle, demanded admission to the Baron. It was Father NICOLAS. This venerable man had on the death of SELIMA, discovered that her companion was the Lord of MONTMORIN---by HELOISE he had hoped the discovery might *not* be made, and ignorant that it had, he repaired instantly to ROME, where

having related to the reigning Pontiff the particulars of this singular story, he obtained from him a bull, absolving HELOISE from her vow of celibacy. *

This *heavenly news* diffused extasy through the walls of MONTMORIN. In two days the impatient Baron set off for the retreat of HELOISE, accompanied by Father NICOLAS; on their arrival they repaired to the convent, and on enquiring for HELOISE, they

* Some Readers having objected to this circumstance, on the score of improbability, the Author begs leave to observe, that of indulgencies similar to that obtained for HELOISE, frequent mention is made in the history of those times, as will be seen on consulting the writers of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.

were

were directed to the chapel. They entered, and discovered by the light of the moon the pensive mourner kneeling at *the tomb of SELIMA*, and offering up prayers for the repose of her spirit. A scene more interesting could not be witnessed—SELIMA was once the rival of HELOISE—she was considered as the charm that detained MONTMORIN in the East till HELOISE believing him dead, by one solemn act for ever precluded herself from happiness—but when SELIMA was no more—religion and pity conducted HELOISE to her grave, whilst mercy, cherubed mercy, shed one pitying tear.

Tears

Tears afforded relief to the full heart of MONTMORIN. HELOISE fainted at his approach : when she recovered, Father NICOLAS communicated the joyful tidings—the heart of HELOISE revived—MONTMORIN knelt and vowed eternal love—HELOISE, though she believed him guilty, *smiled his pardon* : an exculpatory explanation then took place, and the next day witnessed the union of two lovers, whose misfortunes have perhaps seldom been equalled: whilst their virtues adorned the age in which they lived.

The happiness they experienced can be known only to those who (after surmounting various and important obstacles) have reaped the fruits of a virtuous attachment: after a twelve-month passed at Montmorin in a series of blissful hours, the inhabitants were alarmed by the approach of a litter preceded by a man on horseback. On their arrival at the gates of the castle, MONTMORIN recognized HERACLIUS the kinsman of HELEN, who at the particular request of the pious St. HUBERT had conveyed *his* remains together with those of his beloved HELEN to the burial-place of his own ancestors.

MONTMORIN bedewed the bier of the holy anchoret with tears, and consigned his body to the grave ; whilst he placed his arms in the hall of the castle, as the memorial of a man whose misfortunes claimed the *pity*, whilst his virtues tended to increase the *faith* of mankind. HERACLIUS having now no longer any connections in the East, became an inhabitant of the castle ; where he passed the remainder of his days, in preparing for that awful change we must all experience ; reflecting with pleasure (tho' mingled with regret) on the various events of a life which Providence graciously permitted him to close in an enviable retirement.

P O S T S C R I P T.

SHOULD the perusal of this Tale have smoothed the wrinkled brow of Care, or cheered the languid hours of Disease—should it have served to banish, for a while, the recollection of useless sorrow, or proved the *value*—whilst it inculcated the *practice* of Virtue, it will then have answered the principal end of its *publication*.

F I N I S.



H A R R I E T:

O R, THE

VICAR'S TALE.



H A R R I E T:

OR, THE

VICAR'S TALE.

The short and simple annals of the poor. GRAY.

BEING on a tour to the North, I was one evening arrested in my progress at the entrance of a small Hamlet, by breaking the fore-wheel of my phaeton. This accident rendering it impracticable for me to proceed to the

next town, from which I was now sixteen miles distant, I directed my steps to a small cottage, at the door of which, in a woodbine arbor, sat a man of about sixty, who was solacing himself with a pipe. In the front of his house was affixed a small board, which I conceived to contain an intimation, that travellers might there be accommodated. Addressing myself therefore to the old man, I requested his assistance, which he readily granted; but on my mentioning an intention of remaining at his house all night, he regretted that it was not in his power to receive me, and the more so, as there was no inn in the village. It was not

till

till now that I discovered my error concerning the board over the door, which contained a notification, that there was taught that useful art, of which, if we credit Mrs. BADDELEY's Memoirs, a certain noble Lord was so grossly ignorant. In short, my friend proved to be the schoolmaster, and probably Secretary to the HAMLET. Affairs were in this situation when the Vicar made his appearance. He was one of the most venerable figures I had ever seen; his time-silvered locks shaded his temples, whilst the lines of misfortune were, alas! but too visible in his countenance. Time had softened, but could not efface them. On seeing my

broken equipage, he addressed me; and when he began to speak his countenance was illumined by a smile.—

"I presume, Sir, said he, that the accident you have just experienced, will render it impossible for you to proceed. Should that be the case, you will be much distressed for lodgings, the place affording no accommodations for travellers, as my parishioners are neither *willing* nor *able* to support an alehouse; and as we have few travellers, we have little need of one: but if you will accept the best accommodation my cottage affords, it is much at your service."

After expressing the sense I entertained of his goodness, I joyfully accepted so

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desirable an offer. As we entered the HAMLET, the sun was gilding with his departing beams the village spire, whilst a gentle breeze refreshed the weary hinds, who, seated beneath the venerable oaks that overshadowed their cottages, were reposing themselves after the labours of the day, and listening attentively to the tale of an old Soldier, who, like myself, had wandered thus far, and was now distressed for a lodging. He had been in several actions, in one of which he had lost a leg; and was now, like many other brave fellows,

" —————— Doom'd to beg"

" His bitter bread thro' realms his valor sav'd."

My kind host invited me to join the crowd, and listen to his tale. With this request I readily complied. No sooner did we make our appearance, than I attracted the attention of every one. The appearance of a stranger in a HAMLET, two hundred miles from the capital, is generally productive of surprise; and every one examines the new comer with the most attentive observation. So wholly did my arrival engross the attention of the villagers, that the veteran was obliged to defer the continuation of his narrative, till their curiosity should be gratified. Every one there took an opportunity of testifying the good will they bore my venerable host,

host, by offering him a seat on the grass. The good man and myself were soon seated, and the brave veteran resumed his narrative, in the following words : “ After, continued he, I had been intoxicated, I was carried before a justice, who was intimate with the captain, at whose request he attested me before I had sufficiently recovered my senses to see the danger I was encountering. In the morning, when I came to myself, I found I was in custody of three or four soldiers, who, after telling me what had happened, in spite of all I could say, carried me to the next town, without permitting me to take leave of one of my neighbours. When they reached

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the town it was market day, and I saw several of the people from our village, who were all sorry to hear what had happened, and endeavoured to procure my release, but in vain. After taking an affecting leave of my neighbours, I was marched to PORTSMOUTH, and there, together with an hundred more, embarked for the coast of AFRICA. During the voyage, most of our number died, or became so enfeebled by sickness as to make them unfit for service. This was owing partly to the climate, partly to the want of water, and to confinement in the ship. When we reached the coast of AFRICA, we were landed, and experienced every possible

possible cruelty from our officers. At length however, a man of war arrived, who had lost several marines in a late action, and I, with some others, was sent on board to serve in that station. Soon after we put to sea, we fell in with a French man of war. In the action I lost my leg, and was near being thrown overboard; but the humanity of the chaplain preserved my life, and on my return to ENGLAND procured my discharge. I applied for the CHELSEA bounty, but it was refused me, because I lost my limb when acting as a marine: and as I was not a regular marine, I was not entitled to any protection from the Admiralty. Therefore I am reduced

duced to live on the good-will of those who pity my misfortunes. To be sure mine is a hard lot ; but the King does not know it, or (God bless his Majesty) he is too good to let those starve who have fought his battles."

The village clock now striking eight, the worthy Vicar rose, and slipping something into the old man's hand, desired me to follow him. At our departure, the villagers promised to take care of the veteran. We returned the farewell civilities of the rustics, and directed our steps to the vicarage. It was small, with a thatched roof. The front was entirely covered with

with woodbine and honeysuckle, which strongly scented the circumambient air.

A grove of ancient oaks, that surrounded the house, cast a solemn shade over, and preserved the verdure of the adjacent lawn, through the midst of which ran a small brook, that gently murmured as it flowed. This, together with the bleating of the sheep, the lowing of the herds, the village murmurs, and the distant barkings of the trusty curs, who were now entering on their office as guardians of the HAMLET, formed a concert, at least equal to that in Tottenham-court-road. On entering the wicket, we were met by a little girl of six years old. Her dress

dress was simple, but elegant; and her appearance such as spoke her destined for a higher sphere. As soon as she had informed her grandfather that supper was ready, she dropped a courtesy, and retired. I delayed not a moment to congratulate the good old man on his possessing so great a treasure. He replied, but with a sigh, and we entered the house, where every thing was distinguished by an air of elegant simplicity that surprised me. On our entrance, he introduced me to his wife; a woman turned of forty, who still possessed great remains of beauty, and had much the appearance of a woman of fashion. She received me with easy

easy politeness, and regretted that she had it not in her power to entertain me better. I requested her not to distress me with unnecessary apologies, and we sat down to supper. The little angel who welcomed us at the door, now seating herself opposite to me, afforded me an opportunity of contemplating one of the finest faces I had ever beheld. My worthy host, observing how much I was struck with her appearance, directed my attention to a picture which hung over the mantle piece. It was striking likeness of my little neighbour, but on a larger scale. That, Sir, said he, is HARRIET's mother. Do you not think there is a

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vast resemblance? To this I assented, when the old man put up a prayer to Heaven, that she might resemble her mother in every thing but her unhappy fate. He then started another topick of conversation, without gratifying the curiosity he had excited concerning the fate of HARRIET's mother, for whom I already felt myself much interested.

Supper being removed, after chatting some time, my worthy host conducted me to my bed-chamber, which was on the ground floor, and lined with jessamin, that was conducted in at the windows. After wishing me a good night, he retired, leaving me to rest.

rest. The beauty of the scenery, however, and my usual propensity to walk by moon-light, induced me to leave my fragrant cell. When I sallied forth, the moon was darting her temperate rays through the shade that surrounded the cottage, tipping the tops of the venerable oaks with silver. After taking a turn or two on the lawn, I wandered to the spot,---“ where the rude fore-fathers of the HAMLET sleep.” It was small, and for the most part surrounded with yew-trees of an antient date, beneath whose solemn shade many generations had mouldered into dust. No sooner did I enter, than my attention *was caught* by a pillar of

white marble, placed on the summit of a small eminence, the base of which was surrounded with honeysuckles and woodbines, whilst a large willow overshadowed the pillar. As I was with attention perusing the epitaph, I was not a little alarmed by the approach of a figure, cloathed in a long robe. The apparition continued advancing towards me with a slow step, and its eyes fixed on the ground, which prevented it observing me till we were within reach of each other. Great was my wonder at recognizing my worthy host in this situation; nor was his astonishment less at finding his guest thus courting the appearance of goblins and

and fairies. After each had expressed the surprize he felt, I proceeded to enquire whose dust was there enshrined. To my question he returned answer:-- There, Sir, sleeps HARRIET's mother, an innocent, but unfortunate woman. Pardon me, Sir, said he, if for a moment I indulge my sorrow, and bedew my HARRIET's grave with tears,---a tribute that I often pay her much-loved memory, when the rest of the world are lost in sleep. Here he paused, and seemed much agitated. At length he requested my permission to defer the recital of HARRIET's woes to the next day, as he found himself unequal to the task of proceeding in

the painful detail. To this proposal I readily acceded, and we returned home. I retired to my room, but every attempt to procure sleep proved ineffectual. HARRIET had so wholly occupied my thoughts, that no moment of the night was suffered to pass unnoticed. At length, “when soared the warbling lark on high,” I left my couch, and rejoined my worthy landlord, who was busily employed in the arrangement of his garden. Though I declined mentioning the subject of our last night’s adventure,---yet he saw the marks of anxious expectation in my countenance, and proceeded to gratify the curiosity he had inspired.---

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It will be necessary, said he, before I proceed to relate the woes that befel my daughter, to give a short sketch of my own life. Six and twenty years ago, Mrs. ----- came hither for the benefit of her health, the air being recommended as highly salubrious. On her arrival, she gave out that she was the daughter of a clergyman, who was lately dead, and had left her in narrow circumstances. I thought it my duty to visit her, and offer her any little attention in my power. She received me with politeness, and expressed a wish to cultivate my acquaintance. I continued to repeat my visits for some time without suspecting that there was

any thing particular in her history,--- till one morning I found her in tears reading a letter she had just received. On my entrance she gave it to me: it contained a notification from Lord B-----'s agent, that her usual remittances would no longer be continued. On perusing this letter, I was led to suppose, that her connection with Lord B----- was not of the most honourable nature. But all my suspicion vanished on her producing several letters from Lord B----- to her mother, with whom he had been long connected. From these letters I learnt, that Mrs. ----- was the daughter of Lord B----- by Miss M-----, sister to

to a Scotch baronet, whom he had seduced and supported during the remainder of her life: But he had, it seems, determined to withdraw his protection from the fruit of their connection. Mrs. ----- declared she knew not what step to take, as her finances were nearly exhausted. I endeavoured to comfort her, assuring her that she should command every assistance in my power: On hearing this, she seemed a little satisfied, and became more composed. After sitting with her some time, I returned home to consider in what manner I might most easily afford protection to the young orphan, whose whole dependance was

on my support. If I took her home to live with me, as I was unmarried, it would give offence to my parishioners. My income was too confined to afford her a separate establishment. Thus circumstanced, I determined to offer her my hand. You will, no doubt, say it was rather an imprudent step for a man who had seen his fortieth year to connect himself with youth and beauty: but as my brother was then living, it was impossible for me to render her the least assistance on any other plan. She received my proposal with grateful surprise, and accepted it without hesitation. In a few days we were married, and have now lived together

six and twenty years in a state, the felicity of which has never been interrupted by those discordant jars which are so frequently the concomitants of matrimony: though, alas! our peace has received a mortal wound from one, the bare mention of whose name fills me with horror! But not to digress: Before the return of that day which saw me blessed with the hand of *Emily*, my happiness received an important addition, by the birth of a daughter, who inherited all her mother's charms. It is superfluous to add, that she was equally the idol of both her parents; and as she was the only fruit of our marriage, she became every day a greater

greater favourite. My wife had received such an education as rendered her fully capable of accomplishing her daughter in a manner far superior to any thing her situation required, or perhaps could justify. To this agreeable employment, however, she devoted her whole time, and when HARRIET had reached her eighteenth year, she was in every respect a highly accomplished woman. She was become what that picture represents her. With an amiable temper and gentle manners, she was the idol of the village. Hitherto she had experienced a state of felicity unknown in the more exalted stations

stations of life---unconscious, alas ! of the ills that awaited her future years.

It is with reluctance I proceed in the melancholy narrative. One evening, as a young man, attended by a servant, was passing through the village, his horse startled, and threw him. Happening to be on the spot at the time, I offered every assistance in my power, and conveying him to my cottage, dispatched his servant in quest of a surgeon, who declared our patient was not in the least danger, but recommended it to him to delay his departure for a day or two. His health, however, or rather his love, did not admit

admit of his travelling for near a fortnight ; during which time he established his interest with HARRIET by the most pleasing and unremitting attention to her slightest wishes. When about to depart, he requested leave to repeat his visit on his return from his intended tour, dropping, at the same time, some distant hints of his affection for HARRIET, to whom he was by no means indifferent.

Mr. H----- (for so our guest was named) informed us, previous to his departure, that he had a small independent fortune ; but that from a distant relation he had considerable expectation.

pectation. After bidding an affectionate adieu to HARRIET, he set out on his intended tour, which lasted for a month.

During the time of Mr. H-----'s absence, HARRIET appeared pensive, and I observed with pain, that he had made no slight impression on her heart. At length Mr. H----- returned, and HARRIET's reception of him left us no room to doubt her attachment. During his second visit he was very assiduous to secure the favour of all the family: with HARRIET he easily succeeded; nor were Mrs. T-----, or myself disposed to dislike him. His man-

manners were elegant, and his wit lively. At length he obtained from HARRIET the promise of her hand, provided her parents should not object. Hitherto I had never been induced to make any enquiries concerning his circumstances and character. Now, however, by his direction, I applied to a Mr. EK---NS, a clergyman of his acquaintance. This gentleman, now in an exalted station in the church, then chaplain to Lord C-----le, informed me, that Mr. H----- was in every respect a desirable match for my daughter; and that whenever his cousin should die, he would be enabled to maintain her in affluence and splendor:---

dor:---he added, that his character was unexceptionable. Little suspecting the villainous part Mr. EK---NS was acting, I readily consented to the proposed union, and performed the ceremony myself. Mr. H----- requested that their marriage might be kept a secret, till the birth of a son and heir. This proposal alarmed me, but it was too late to retreat; and knowing no one in the great world, it was impossible for me, previous to the marriage, to procure any account of Mr. H-----, but such as his friend communicated to me. Thus circumstanced, I could only consent; and as HARRIET readily adopted every

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proposal that came from one she so tenderly loved, the matter was finally agreed on. After staying a few days, he set off for London, but soon returned, and passed the whole winter with us; and in the spring HARRIET was delivered of that little girl you so much admire. I now pressed him to acknowledge my daughter as his wife. To this he answered, that had she brought him a son he would readily have complied with my request; but that his cousin was so great an oddity, that he could not bear the idea (to use his own expression) "of having his fortune lavished in a milliner's shop:" But, added he, if you insist upon it, I will

will now risk the loss of all his fortune, and introduce my HARRIET to his presence. HARRIET, however, again interfered, and desired that Mr. H---- might not be forced into measures that might in the end prove destructive to his future prospect, and induce him to regret the day he ever saw her. These arguments prevailed, and Mr. H---- was suffered to continue as a member of the family without any farther notice being taken on the subject. In this manner had three years elapsed undistinguished by any remarkable event, Mr. H----- generally passing half the year with us, and the remainder in London, attending, as he said, on

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his cousin; when one day, as he was sitting with us at dinner, a chaise and four drove to the house. The servants enquired for Mr. H-----, and on hearing he was there, opened the carriage door. A gentleman, dressed like an officer, jumped out, followed by a lady in a travelling dress;---they rushed immediately into the room. Their appearance amazed us; but Mr. H----- betrayed the most visible marks of consternation. The lady appeared to be about thirty. She was a woman by no means destitute of personal charms. The moment she entered the room, she seized upon HARRIET, and loading her with every horrible

rible epithet, proceeded to indulge her passion by striking her innocent rival. On seeing this, an old servant of mine seized the lady, and forcibly turned her out of the house, then fastened the door. It was not till now that we perceived the absence of Mr. H-----, who had, it seems, retired with the lady's companion. Whilst we were still lost in amazement at the transaction we had just witnessed, we were alarmed to the highest pitch by the report of a pistol. HARRIET instantly fainted. Whilst Mrs. T. was recovering her, I flew to the spot from whence the sound proceeded, and there found Mr. H----- weltering in his blood,

with a pistol lying by him. I approached, and found him still sensible. He informed me, that the lady's brother and he had fought, and that seeing him fall, they had both escaped as fast as possible. I instantly procured assistance, and conveyed him to the house, where he was put to bed, and a surgeon was sent for. Mean time HARRIET had several fits, and we were very apprehensive that the hour of her fate was approaching. On the arrival of the surgeon, he declared the wound Mr. H----- had received would probably prove mortal, and recommended the arrangement of his affairs. Mr. H----- received the news with great agony,

agony, and desired that I might be left alone with him. No sooner was this request granted, than he addressed me in the following terms: "In me, Sir, behold the most unfortunate, and alas ! the most guilty of men. The lady, whose ill-timed visit has lost me my life, is,---I tremble to pronounce the word,--my wife. " Seeing me pale with horror, he proceeded." No wonder, Sir, that you should behold with horror one who has repayed *unbounded hospitality by unequalled villainy*. The bare remembrance of my own guilt distracts me. The awful hour is now fast approaching, when I must receive my final doom from that heaven, whose

laws I have so daringly violated. To redress the injuries I have committed, is, alas! impossible. My death will be an atonement by no means sufficient. I cannot, however, leave this world till you shall be informed, that ten thousand pounds, the whole of my property that is at my disposal, has long ago been transferred by me into the hands of trustees for the benefit of my much injured HARRIET, and her unhappy infant. In my own defence, I have nothing to urge. Suffer me only to remark, that my misfortune arose from the avarice of my father, who forced me into a marriage with the woman you lately saw, and whose

brother

brother has been the instrument in the hand of Providence to inflict on me the doom I so much merited. If possible, conceal from HARRIET that I was married. Picture, for her sake, an innocent deception, and tell her that I was only engaged to that lady. This will contribute to promote her repose, and the deception may possibly plead the merit of prolonging a life, so dear to you. For the elevated mind of my HARRIET would never survive the fatal discovery of my villainy.--- But, oh ! when my unhappy child shall ask the fate of him who gave her being, in pity draw a veil over that guilt which can scarcely hope to obtain

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the pardon of heaven." There he ceased, and uttering a short prayer, expired. Happily for HARRIET she continued in a state of insensibility for three days, during which time I had the body removed to a neighbouring house, there to wait for interment. Having addressed a letter to Mr. H-----'s agent in town, he sent orders for the body to be removed to the family burying place, where it was accordingly interred. HARRIET recovered by slow degrees from the state of happy insensibility, into which the death of Mr. H----- had plunged her. Her grief became silent and settled. Groans and exclamations now gave way

way to sighs, and the bitter tears of desponding grief. She seldom or ever spoke,---but would cry for hours together over her hapless infant, then call on the shadow of her departed HENRY, little suspecting the irreparable injury, he had done her. It was with infinite anxiety I beheld the decline of HARRIET's health. Prone as we ever are to hope what we ardently desire, I now despaired of her recovery. Whilst in a state of hopeless inactivity, I was doomed to witness the lingering death of my lamented HARRIET, I received a visit from an old friend. On his arrival I allotted him the apartment formerly inhabited by Mr. H----- and

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HARRIET. About midnight he was awakened by some one entering the apartment. On removing the curtain, he discovered, by the light of the moon, my adored **HARRIET** in a white dress. Her eyes were open, but had a vacant look that plainly proved she was not awake. She advanced with a slow step; then seating herself at the foot of the bed, remained there an hour, weeping bitterly the whole time, but without uttering a word. My friend, fearful of the consequences, forbore to awake her, and she retired with the same deliberate step she had entered. This intelligence alarmed me excessively. On the next night she was
watched,

watched, and the same scene was repeated, with this difference, that after quitting the fatal apartment, she went to the room where her daughter usually slept; and laying herself down on the bed, wept over the child for some time; then returned to her apartment. The next morning we waited with anxiety for her appearance at breakfast; but, alas!—Here a flood of tears afforded to my friend that relief which he so much needed; and we returned to the house. After passing some days with this worthy couple, I proceeded on my tour, quitting, with reluctance, the abode of sorrow and resignation.

F I N I S.







